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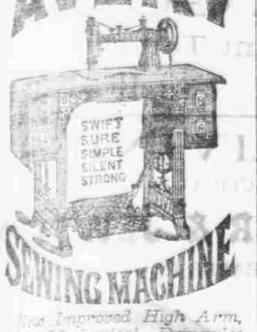

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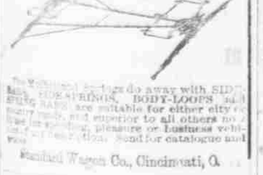

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LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER III.

HERBERT ARCHER'S RIVAL.

Flo Grainger had not long enjoyed her sense of escape from a proposal which intuitively she knew threatened her, when the sound of a horse's approach causing her to turn, she beheld Herbert Archer evidently in pursuit.

She bit her lip with annoyance, and for an instant hesitated how to proceed. Her inclination was to avoid him, but she felt not only would flight be undignified, but an insult to which she had no right to subject him.

"A man's love does a woman honor," she reflected, "and should win her respect and consideration though she cannot reciprocate it. After all, better that the moment when he must know the truth should not be delayed. Yet it is hard to give any one pain."

Checking her horse, she rode at a slower pace, and Herbert Archer speedily gained upon her. As he reached the aborigine, leaning forward, he slipped some silver in his hand.

"Friend Jeck," he said, "I wish to speak with your young mistress—you understand; you can drop a little back. I will be her escort, and while I am near you may be sure no harm shall overtake her."

"A right, Misser Archer, Jeck unnerstan perfly," grinned the Australian, as he pocketed the coins. "Jeck not interrupt."

Herbert Archer, with a nod of approval, galloped on.

"Jeck thought it strange missie should ride on d'reetly handsome Misser Archer put 'm nose in the station. Missie guess'd he'd follow, he, he, he. Can't deceive old Jeck."

The aborigine, marvellously satisfied with his acuteness, reined in the horse he rode to its slowest pace, and fell into a deep reflection upon his own concerns.

Meanwhile Herbert Archer had overtaken Flo.

"The loveliness of the morning has, I see, tempted you to ride, Miss Grainger," he remarked. "I saw you as I was about to leave the station, but could not go without saying farewell."

The speech in no way allayed the girl's suspicions, for she knew it was not true, but she replied quietly:

"Leaving, Mr. Archer? I understood you purposed remaining an hour or two with uncle, so should have returned before your departure."

There was just a pause for a moment, the young man's eyes were lowered, then bent on her full of earnest passion.

"Why do I hesitate? Why beat about the bush?" he exclaimed in low, quick accents. "My darling, I stayed only to find an opportunity of seeing you, of speaking to you, and when I saw you riding into the bush, I could not let the chance escape. I dared to follow.—Forgive me. Do not say that I have offended?"

"Offended!" she repeated with assumed lightness, though her pulse fluttered. "Nothing to forgive! What is there to? My ride was to be but a short one. You must return with me to the station, Mr. Archer, for uncle will not like you to leave without luncheon."

"Whether I do or not, Miss Grainger, the next few minutes must decide," he answered impressively. Then leaning over towards her, his eyes ardent, full of fire, seeking hers, he continued: "You must decide, Miss Grainger.—Surely you can guess, you must know what I have to say?"

Flo's cheek was pale, her eyes were lowered, her hands trembled as she strove to draw rein, for they were entering a thick grove of trees, as she murmured faintly:

"I hope not so. I think not; that is, there are some things better never said."

A shadow passed over his handsome face.

"But this thing must be said," he answered. "Whatever your reply, whatever my wretched fate, I must now speak. Nay, do not stop, do not seek to turn your horse. Flo—Flo, I pray you must hear me. I love you, with all my being, with all my soul. You are dearer than the air I breathe, Florence, Florence, my destiny, my happiness are in your hands. Speak, reject before you answer. Think that you have it in your power to render or ruin my life—a life now full of hope, full of energy—a useless ruin, a misery a wreck. One little word can do this; then, Florence, as you are powerful be merciful, pity, pity!"

His hand on her bridle, the horses had paced side by side into the deeper recesses of the forest, and Flo was helpless to check their progress, for Herbert Archer's fervent passion overwhelmed her. His dark eyes once on hers, she felt unable to avoid them, they held her like a spell. Then as he dashed his head before her on his hands, and almost passionately sobbed forth his prayer for her mercy, her lip trembled, tears swam into her eyes.

"Do not speak thus! Do not say that!" she ejaculated, distressed. "Oh, you must, not, Mr. Archer, you—you must not think of me in that way. Oh, I have wished so often to tell you, but—but I could not. How could I?"

"Tell me what, Florence? In the name of Heaven, what?" he cried, abruptly catching her hand. "You know my love—you saw how I worshipped you?"

"I feared so," she whispered with averted face.

"Feared!"

"Because I could not return it."

"No, no, no!" he broke in. "Not that. Or feared you could not? Surely, Florence, such a passion as mine must win response. Listen, dearest. You are to me all in all. My dreams are peopled with your sweet presence. My waking thoughts have you ever before them. I worship you. Be mine, Florence, and my love shall never have been equalled. My one idea, my one effort, shall be to assure your happiness. Not a wish but I will try to gratify it. Do with me what you will. Give me but half a love; take me as I am, Florence; only give me the right to lie at your feet, to touch your hand, to press your lip, your slave—but yet your husband. Give me at least hope that in time this may be!"

"Oh, pray, pray cease," implored Flo piteously, who had become nervously aware that Jeck was not in sight. "Mr. Archer, you should not speak like that. It is not like a man—you—you frighten me."

"Not like a man to love? To love to your own sacrifice, to feel even the scorn and frown of one woman are better than the most honeyed smiles of all the rest? Oh, Florence, you cannot say no to such an affection. If you have the heart of a woman it must move you."

"It does, deeply, Mr. Archer," she rejoined, trying to steady her agitated voice. "The more so that I cannot requite it. Oh, do not ask for hope. It would be wrong, cruel, to let you have that belief. I—I do not—I like you much—but—but no more."

He drew slightly back. A strange whiteness was on his face, his lips were set, his dark eyes were full of fire as he looked upon the young girl, her head drooped, averted. Then he leaned near, his tones husky.

"Florence, reflect, you know not what you say. You know not me. You must, you shall be mine. I cannot live without you."

"Mr. Archer," she ejaculated, her pride aroused. Then she cowered and shrunk away as her gaze lighted on his face.

"Yes, Florence, mine; you must be mine. Though you were to hate me, I must yet love you. I must call you wife."

She uttered a cry of alarm and moved her horse. Rapidly his hand was on the rein.

"No, Florence, dearest Florence! you must not leave me until you have promised. Do not fear, darling. I will not harm you, but I cannot let you go until I have your promise."

"Never!" exclaimed Flo, her anger roused. "Mr. Archer, you are a coward to speak thus, to threaten me. I despise you."

As she spoke, by a quick, sudden movement she plucked the bridle from him. The horse reared and swerved sharply round. A cry of pain burst from Flo's lips, for her temple had come in violent contact with the branch of a tree. She swayed in her saddle, then drooped back, her senses for a moment leaving her.

Herbert Archer had seen the accident and, with an exclamation of alarm, darted forward in time to prevent her falling. In a space his manner had changed. Terror, as he gazed on the pale, lovely face resting on his shoulder, dominated all other feelings.

"Florence, my Florence!" he exclaimed, "speak, dearest. She has fainted. Yes, only that."

Lifting her tenderly in his strong arms, he dismounted and rested her on the grass, supporting her head on his arm. Would she not come to? How still the air was; if it would but blow on her face. How tightly the riding-habit gripped the soft, white throat.

In a second his nervous fingers had untied the ribbon, and plucked open the first buttons of the habit to admit the breeze. That was better, the life was coming back.

Ah! what was that?

A slender hair chain fastened about the throat. They were sacred, beloved treasures worn like that.

Herbert Archer felt the blood rush to his head, then swiftly back to his heart.

It was dishonorable, but that should not deter him.

He threw one hurried glance round; then drew the hair chain forth. As he had guessed, a miniature locket was attached.

Her father's likeness. Perhaps her mother's.

Something whispered to him it was neither. Eagerly he pressed the spring. The cover sprung, and a deep curse burst from his lips as he beheld the young, handsome, manly face that smiled—to him it seemed defiantly—out of the locket.

"Is this my rival? Is it a dead or living one?" he muttered. "Is this why she refused me? If so—better for him if dead, or better for both if he never crosses my path."

A movement of Flo's, who was recovering, aroused him.

Closing the locket, he returned it to its sacred resting-place, buttoned the throat of the habit, and clumsily enough tied the ribbon; then he drew to a respectful distance waiting her recovery.

No sooner did recollection return than Flo sprang to her feet.

"Do not be alarmed," said Herbert Archer. "The branch of yonder tree struck you, and you fainted. I trust you are not much hurt."

"More mentally than physically, sir," she responded, coldly. "Where is my servant? How is it he is not here?"

"He is here—see," as Jeck loomed in sight. "Your insensibility lasted but a few seconds."

"But for you, Herbert Archer, it would never have occurred," she rejoined, haughtily. "No, sir; I can dispense with your help and your escort," as she sprang into the saddle unaided. "I can neither forgive your words nor your behavior."

"Florence, is the great love I bear you no excuse?" he pleaded. "I cannot, will not believe that, unless—he fixed his eyes intently on her—"I have a rival."

The blood mounted to her cheek, but she replied quietly:

"Mr. Archer, you have forfeited all right to put that question. You and I can scarcely be friends even any longer. Farewell."

She turned her horse's head as she spoke. He stood near his.

"Florence," he said, "you are dearer to me than all women. I yet must hope —I will."

She did not perceive the expression in his eyes as she moved away. It was that of a man who had formed a resolve, and would let nothing balk him. She made no response, but, gathering her reins, was about to ride from the trees, when the silence was broken by the sound of a clear, rich, manly voice singing:

"I love to hear the ringing rifle,
The smiting ax, the falling tree!
What though our life is perilous?
It is to labor, what care we?"

Flo Grainger had quickly swung her horse round in the direction of the sounds; her breath came quickly; a startled yet joyous light was in her eyes as she fixed them along the vista of trees, flecked with bright sunshine.

Herbert Archer had also turned.

"By Jove, Mark," added a voice as the song ceased, "it's all very well to say so, but the reality scarcely comes up to the sentiment. Three days in this confounded bush, camping out——"

He checked himself quickly and drew rein, as side by side with his foster-brother he came through the trees upon the others; then he dashed forward, as the girl also advanced.

"Can it be?" he ejaculated. "Florence!"

"Philip!"

"My rival," hissed Herbert Archer through his teeth, and, leaping on his horse, he dashed away among the trees.

"Hallo!" reflected Mark, who had observed the dark, threatening scowl, "who is that, I wonder? Whoever it is, there's danger in him, I'd swear. If it is to Mr. Phil, he'll find he's got two to deal with."

CHAPTER IV.

MARK HILTON SCENTS DANGER.

In that happy reunion neither Flo nor Philip had a thought to spend on Herbert Archer. Their hands clasped, for a space they were silent in their surprise, their eyes speaking, however, a language more eloquent than words.

"Is it a dream? Can it be? It seems so wonderful," finally exclaimed Flo.

"Dream! Pray Heaven, no!" ejaculated Philip Bathurst. "It would be cruelly interrupted again to lose you, Florence, after all my search."

"Your search. Have you searched for me then, Philip?" a pleased tender light in her eyes.

"Have I not, dearest? Adelaide and Melbourne are well acquainted with the name of Grainger by this time. Nevertheless, failure pursued me."

"Ah," she smiled, "if you had only tried Sydney. But why the need of search, Philip? I left word with Susan to tell you all."

"Thereby hangs a tale," laughed Philip Bathurst, his heart light enough now as he gazed once more into the face of his beloved. "That very morning after our last interview a telegram summoned me to my uncle, who had met with an accident, and the letter I wrote you under cover to Susan, informing you of the cause of my absence, fell somehow into the hands of Miss Dawes —"

"Oh, Philip, never!"

"It's a fact, and, ha, ha, ha! what a commotion it created. When I returned, and could not see you nor Susan, who at once had been packed off bag and baggage, driven to despair I called on Miss Dawes, when, after favoring me with every opprobrious epithet a lady can use, she showed me to the door no wiser than when I came."

"Poor Philip! had I had time to write I did not know where to address you, and I was crushed by sorrow. My father——"

"I am aware, dearest," he interrupted, to save her the pain of the recital, seeing the tears suffusing her eyes. "One of Miss Dawes's pupils, a dark, lively brunette, divining the truth, took compassion upon me, and managed to convey to me the intelligence, and also your address in London."

"That was Maude Pierce," smiled Flo; "she used to quiz me unmercifully about you, Philip."

"I know she won my warmest gratitude, though the news came too late.—On reaching Ladbrook-crescent I found you again flown. Ah, it is well to laugh now, but, oh, the misery to me of that period, darling. All I could learn was that you had gone away with an uncle, it was believed to Australia."

"Poor Philip!" and instinctively the girl put her gloved hand on his. "And in all this did you love remain mine?"

"Flo, can you doubt it? If so, there's Mark, my foster-brother, yonder; he shall tell you, with unmistakable proof, it did. And yours, dearest? You were so young then, so long a time has elapsed, our ever meeting again was so problematical, and—you are so beautiful that I have feared, and had terrible dreams, wherein I saw you another's."

"Even had that occurred, Philip, as I confess, once or twice, to please my uncle and aunt, it might," she answered simply, "my love would ever have been yours. But Heaven watched over me—Yes, it must have done—preventing me taking a step I must ever have repented."

"Then your affection is still mine, darling?" he asked eagerly.

"As ever, Philip. Nothing, I feel, can ever alter it."

He raised her little hand passionately to his lips.

"I, too, must have watched over me also, Flo," he remarked. "It has helped me to find you, and to claim you as mine."

As he spoke a change came over his features; they became grave as he continued:

"That is, if Heaven will yet befriend me, dearest, and enable me to win the fortune to maintain a wife. Yes, it's true—don't look frightened, but I am a beggar. Mark and I are on our way even now to the diggings, to wrest wealth from the auriferous earth."

"You, Philip, a beggar!" she ejaculated.

"Yes," he laughed, "the young swell you knew at Brighton, Flo, who did nothing to kill time but smoke on the esplanade, do a little boating and sailing, who scented his handkerchief with mildeur, and wore a new pair of gloves every day, now is compelled to wear Solomon's clothes instead of Poole's, to dispense with the luxuries of perfume and gloves altogether, and instead of handling an oar, must grasp vigorously pick and spade, if he would live."

"Oh, Philip!" and the gentle eyes were full of concern. "But——"

"But I told you I was heir to a rich uncle. So I was, Flo; but rich uncles are arbitrary, and often want too much their own way. Near his estate was another, and Uncle Bathurst, so that the two should be united, desired me to wed the heiress. He gave me my choice—the lady, or—disinheritance. I confess I was such a lazy, luxurious fellow, that I think I should have sold myself and taken the lady, had not my guardian angel, in the remembrance of a sweet, dear face I had loved and lost in Brighton, interposed and saved me. So I accepted disinheritance, and started for Australia to make a fortune, and find, if Fate would be good to me—as it has —Miss Florence Grainger."

"Oh, Philip!" the girl's lips trembled, and her eyes were bright with tears; "you acted grandly for my sake!"

"Yes, Flo," he laughed, "and renounced unhappiness for happiness. Nay, don't pity me; this free life is uncommonly jolly. I perfectly revel in it."

"By Jove, it's all very well to say so," said Flo, imitating his voice, a merry smile on her lips, "but the reality scarcely comes up to the sentiment."

"What, you heard me?" he laughed. "Ah, but then it was different, dearest. I had not found you. By the way, you had a companion."

Flo colored as she answered:

"A friend—a friend of my uncle's.—His station is the next to Shady Creek. But come, Philip," she proceeded, to prevent the turn the conversation had taken, "I must introduce you to my uncle and aunt. I can promise him who saved me from injury, perhaps death, at Brighton, a warm and sincere welcome."

Mark had already ranged alongside of old Jeck, who was never happier than when talking, and whose tongue was so loosely hung that in five minutes Mark had learned almost everything about Shady Creek, its sayings and doings, and also Herbert Archer.

"He very rich—Misser Archer," as he and his companion followed their master and mistress: "he marry Missie Florence."

"Marry Miss Grainger!" cried Mark. "Zackly. He love her. Missie love him. Jeck sure he ask her be his wife this very minute."

"If so," reflected Mark, "I imagine Mr. Phil will just put a spoke in his wheel. Now I understand that look. He's a rival. If Mr. Phil carries off Miss Grainger, Mr. Phil must look out."

Lovers are proverbial for neither walking nor riding fast. Thus nearly an hour elapsed before the little party came in sight of Shady Creek. Once during that time Mark had felt certain he had caught sight of Herbert Archer hovering stealthily among the trees on their track.

It occurred to him how easily in this wild and beautiful wilderness a rifle-ball might fell its victim, and yet the firer be safe.

"I'll just speak to Mr. Phil," he pondered; "then if he's ready onsting this Herbert Archer, Herbert Archer shan't move a dozen yards that I don't know of, until I am aware of his purpose."

"Colonel, come here. Who is this with Florence? Not Mr. Archer," exclaimed Mrs. Crane, seated in a rocking-chair in the verandah.

The colonel, coming from the inner room, inspected the approaching party. "Not Archer? No. Never saw him before. Some one Flo's picked up in the bush."

"Picked up in the bush! You speak, brother, as if strangers were blackberries. Who can it be?"

"We shall soon know, Kate, for they have alighted, and are coming straight here. He's a fine, manly-looking fellow, and a gentleman, I'd swear."

A moment after Flo had descended the verandah, followed by Philip Bathurst. There was a glow on her cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes, which, however, slightly fell before the colonel's steady gaze.

"Uncle, aunt," she said, "let me introduce to you Mr. Bathurst, the gentleman who saved me when my horse ran away from Brighton. I knew that the hospitality which is accorded to everyone at Shady Creek, would be trebly so to him to whom I may have owed my life."

"This be?" cried Colonel Grainger. "You are right, Florence. Sir, you are welcome—heartily welcome," extending his hand. "We owe you much."

"Indeed, Colonel Grainger," began Philip, "the time is——"

"So long back that, like a generous man, you have forgotten your good deeds; but, sir, I can assure you we have not forgotten our gratitude. Welcome, I repeat, to Shady Creek. Sit down, perhaps you have been riding far."

"Since five o'clock, colonel, this morning. We camped out last night."

"Camped out, Mr. Bathurst? Your station——"

"I have no station as yet; that is, I hope, to come," smiled Philip. "I am on my way to the diggings."

"Really, I hope, however, you are not in such haste to get to Tom Tiddler's ground but that you will give us a day or two of your society? Kate, pray see that refreshment is prepared."

Mrs. Crane, putting down her work, entered the house, bidding Flo follow. She was very thoughtful. The lines in her forehead were deeper as she gave her orders. As she returned, looking her niece in the face, she said abruptly:

"Flo, you've been a mystery to me, but now I expect I know all about it.—Mr. Bathurst is the reason why you would never think of Herbert Archer."

"Oh, auntie, dear auntie!" and the girl hid her blushing face on the old lady's bosom. "Yes, you are right, I love him so dearly. But I fancied we should never meet again, therefore was silent. Now, auntie, I will tell you all. You will not be angry?"

"That depends, child. What is he?"

"A gentleman, auntie."

"That's not everything. What's he got with which to keep you, child?"

To which Flo made this frank and startling avowal:

"Nothing, auntie. He is a beggar."

"A beggar!"

"Only now. He is going to make a great fortune at the diggings."

"Diggings! Nonsense, Flo, don't you be a foolish girl. You marry a beggar! Well, there, don't cry. I suppose you will wait until the fortune's made. But you'll see what your uncle will say to it, Mr. Bathurst. I trust, will not accept his hospitality under false pretenses."

"Oh, auntie, I am sure he will not. He is a gentleman."

"Oh, handsome is that handsome does," responded the old lady with a sniff, for she was put out. She had espoused Herbert Archer's cause, and was annoyed at this evident obstacle. One thing consoled her, the knowledge that her brother would never let Flo marry a penniless suitor, though he was a gentleman.

On their entering the sitting-room they found the two had quitted the verandah, and were pacing backwards and forwards in the gum-trees in serious talk. Flo's heart fell. What could they be speaking about?

The truth was, no sooner had the ladies gone than Philip Bathurst, as if he had heard Aunt Crane's remark respecting false pretenses, determined to acquaint the colonel with the truth of his love, and his position, boldly asking his consent, as her guardian, to his and Florence's engagement. Thus he remarked:

"Colonel Grainger, will you grant me a few moment's private conversation, as I feel I have no right to accept your hospitality without first acquainting you with the sentiments I entertain towards your lovely niece."

A smile flitted over the officer's handsome features, banishing it he remarked seriously:

"You love her, Mr. Bathurst?"

"Sincely, passionately."

"And Florence loves you?"

"She does, colonel. But can she have told you so?" inquired the young man eagerly.

"She has told me nothing. However, I read the truth in her eyes when she introduced you. I regret she has been so secretive."

"Do not blame her, colonel. Rather blame me who am the elder. Besides, we neither believed we should have the happiness to meet again. Our love has some romance about it, but I feel there has been little in it to receive your disapproval. May I tell it you? May I also inform you who I am, for as yet I am a stranger."

"Yes," said the colonel, rising. "We will go yonder by the gum-trees. We shall be undisturbed."

In his secret heart he was already taken by the frank, outspoken manliness of Philip Bathurst. He remembered how much was probably Florence's future at stake, and fair seeming was not always fair doing. Of course, as a natural sequence, Flo, a school girl, would fall in love with a young, handsome fellow; but who was this fellow? An adventurer, perhaps.

Who he was Philip Bathurst was not slow to inform him, and each sentence he uttered the more won the colonel. He saw now why Flo had never inclined toward Herbert Archer, and loved the girl for her fidelity.

"I know now, Colonel Grainger, who I am, also my prospects," concluded Philip.

"And the latter, you will own, Mr. Bathurst," remarked the other dryly, "are not very brilliant."

"On the contrary," smiled Philip, "they are almost below zero. Still, for stock-in-trade I have hope, youth, health, and a determination to succeed. Besides, though that is the last thing I could advance, my uncle may relent."

"Then what do you need of me?"

"First I wish, colonel, to have nothing hidden from you. Secondly, your consent to my marriage with your niece when I have acquired a home and an income worthy of her acceptance."

"Mr. Bathurst," rejoined the colonel, halting in the path, "you have been frank with me; I will be the same. I ought to be, for I owe you gratitude; but it is not that, I like you. You have spoken honestly and like a man. Win the fortune, and if by advice I can aid you I will. I'll not ask a large one, and if Flo keeps of the same mind, my consent is yours. There's my hand upon it."

Philip grasped the soldier's palm with much emotion. Every obstacle, apparently, was fading from his path. After all, how smoothly the course of their love promised to run.

"Now I see the ladies have returned," proceeded the colonel, "let us join them. You must need refreshment."

That evening, as Flo stood in the verandah watching the silver moon rising over the distant range of hills, Philip came out to her.

"Oh, Philip," she murmured, as he stood by her side, "you have told uncle everything. I am so, so glad."

"I could not have accepted his hospitality, darling, without doing so," he answered.

"And he says?"

"That you may be mine, love, directly I have a home to offer you."

"What's that, Philip?"

"What, dearest?"

"I thought I heard a rustle among the bushes yonder."

The young man went towards them, but all was still.

"It was nothing, or, at least, only some night bird, love," he said, returning; at the same moment the colonel called from within:

"Come, come, Flo; the night air is yet chill. We must have no cold-catching. Besides, Mr. Bathurst, we are early people in the bush."

Philip and Florence at once entered. The windows were closed, and the blinds drawn.

Directly it was so, the figure of a man stole from the bushes, moved swiftly and cautiously to the gate, and disappeared among the shadows of the trees.

Half an hour later, Philip Bathurst, entering his bedroom, found Mark waiting him.

"You here, Mark? I say, old fellow, we have fallen into comfortable quarters, eh?" exclaimed the young fellow. "There's not a man on earth happier than I am to-night."

"Then, Mr. Phil, you've told the colonel?"

"And got his consent, Mark. I have but to win a fortune, to win a bride."

"Win a fortune, Mr. Phil, and overcome an enemy."

"An enemy? Why, man, I can have none here."

"A bitter one, if I mistake not, Mr. Phil. Do you remember, when we came upon Miss Grainger, she had a companion?"

"Yes, a friend of the colonel's."

"And a lover of the niece's. If I judged him rightly, he will not easily brook your coming between them."

"Nonsense, Mark! What absurdity!"

"You ought to have seen the look he gave you, Mr. Phil."

"Possibly, Mark. I can imagine the look I should give his if the case. But, looks, old fellow, never killed yet. Why, how grave you are! Surely," with a merry laugh, "you don't think my unfortunate rival will order one out to a round of fisticuffs, or challenge me to a duel? Just because we have left England behind us, Mark, we have not civilization. Our camping out, I reckon, has made you nervous. There, old fellow, get to bed. I think we both shall sleep soundly to-night."

Mark Hilton took his leave ashamed to state his fears further, but his opinion was by no means altered.

"Mr. Phil didn't see his look," he repeated mentally as he turned into bed.

* * * * * * *

Almost about the same hour Herbert Archer paced the sitting-room of his station with a scowl as black as night upon his face. Frequent mutterings escaped his lips. Once he exclaimed almost fiercely: "Let him have a care —let him have a care."

Suddenly there was the quick beat of horses' hoofs on the road. He sprang to the window, and threw it open. As the light poured forth, the horse stopped, and two minutes after there advanced towards Herbert Archer a man in the dress of a settler. He was of middle height, with a heavy, dogged jaw, and overhanging brows.

"At last, Mat," exclaimed Archer, impatiently, "Come in."

The man doing so, the other closed the window and advanced.

"Well! Who is he?" he inquired, eagerly.

"A Mr. Philip Bathurst, come to Australia with his foster-brother to try the gold-fields."

"Yes, yes. What more? Tell me all, man."

"He seems to be a gentleman, and has rich connections—an uncle, his foster-brother said. He saved Miss Grainger's life when she was in England, and it was by chance they met to-day."

"Chance! An agreeable chance," said Herbert Archer through his teeth. "They called each other by their Christian names."

"So they did to-night, when I saw them on the verandah, billing and cooing, all the world like lovers."

"Lovers—lovers! That's what it is—that's what it is," ejaculated Herbert Archer, pacing the room excitedly. "But trust me, Mat, never man and wife. The fellow, then, is staying there?"

"Yes."

"And the colonel?"

"Treats him as an old friend; and, Mr. Archer, that is all I know."

"But not all that you must know, Mat. What did the colonel say to my message?"

"When I told him that I had tramped from Sydney in search of employment, and you having no need of me had sent me on to him, as he had some new cattle, he said he would do what he could for me—That at any rate I might stop for a week or so."

"Good. But how did you manage to return here?"

"I said I had to return to tell you."

"Right. Well, watch this man, listen to his every word, mark what he does, and to-morrow night at eight o'clock meet me in Blackman's Gully, and I'll give you further orders if necessary. You know the reward; I will be liberal. Now you may go."

When alone Herbert Archer paced the room awhile in thought. Then as he ascended to his chamber he muttered:

"No; one life—nor two—shall not balk me, Florence Grainger, from making you mine. I said I loved you better than life, and that life I'll sacrifice rather than see you another's."

[To be Continued.]

The Cottage at Bethany.

There was one house where Jesus went very often—the cottage of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, at Bethany. There he lived not merely a social, but a domestic life,—not merely a life of society, but a life of home. In that house, brotherhood and sisterhood bloomed into such perfect flower that it has been fragrant and beautiful to all generations. They were religious people. No doubt each of them in solitude strove after and found the brotherhood of God. But we can well imagine that when they were together, it was their brotherhood and sisterhood that was most prominent. And what did Jesus do for them? Silver and gold, like its disciples, he had none; but such as he had, his own supreme consciousness, such as he was, he gave to them. One day he told the anxious elder sister that there was a "better part" in life than the most faithful work for the comfort of brother or sister. He taught her his own lesson, that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, his Father. On another day he allowed the household life to feel the shock of death, and to be broken, in order that he might call upon his Father and their Father to restore it by what was like a new birth. And as the coming of a child into a household breaks open its narrowness to let in the broad thought of God, so the brotherhood and sisterhood of Bethany must have been reopened and filled with the consciousness of sonship and daughtership, whenever that boy-man—young forever with something of perpetual youth of those who have passed through the grave and come out in the timeless life beyond—went about among them.—[Phillips Brooks.

Served Him Right.

A man, who signs himself "A Poor Clerk," advertises pleadingly in New York, for the return of an overcoat stolen from the billiard-room of the F

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 30, 1886.

IN the early and lamentable death of Father Ryan, the "Poet Priest of the South," the world has lost a good man and a true poet. "Those whom the gods love die young."

THERE is a strong flavor of truth in the statement recently made by Mr. Daniel, of Virginia, in a speech in the United States Senate, in which he said: "You might as well put a mustard plaster on a bald head for heart disease as to apply legislation for the cure of labor troubles."

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, has sent the Pope a costly gold cross mounted with jewels, as a souvenir of German gratitude for the friendly offices rendered by His Holiness in arbitrating the dispute between Germany and Spain over their respective claims to the Caroline Islands.

THE New York *Times*, which was the first newspaper to claim Hayes' election as President in 1876, and which clung tenaciously to the lie from that time until years afterwards, now refers to the period "when the business of the government was in the hands of Mr. R. B. Hayes as general superintendent, for the term of four years."

THE address of the Committee of the Constitutional Convention in regard to the thorough enforcement of the organic law of the State by appropriate legislation, will be found in another part of our paper. Some of the Republican papers display their ignorance by calling it a "Democratic appeal," but six of the signers to it, including Ex-Attorney General Palmer and Ex-Judge John M. Broomall, are and always have been staunch Republicans.

THE money-making success of a modern evangelist seems to be as great as being the owner of a Soldier's Orphans' School. Sam Jones and Sam Small, the two Southern moral reformers, so called, each cleared three thousand dollars in their late four weeks' crusade against sin in the wicked city of Chicago.

IF it can prevent it, Congress won't surrender its control over big appropriation bills, and we learn, therefore, without any surprise that the House Judiciary Commitee last week reported adversely a joint resolution proposing a Constitutional amendment giving the President power to veto specific items in an appropriation bill, while approving the rest of its provisions. Several attempts have of late years been made to incorporate such an amendment in the Constitution, but they have always failed. The reason for this result is not apperent to ordinary mortals, nor do we believe that Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, who is chairman of the committee, and made the report, could satisfy any intelligent man why the committee thus acted. Pennsylvania and New York have such a clause in their constitutions, and it has saved each of their treasuries from being robbed of many thousands of dollars for useless and unnecessary purposes.

EX-GOVERNOR JAMES POLLOCK has doubdless held office longer than any other man in the State. Long before he ran as the Know-Nothing candidate for Governor against Bigler in 1854, and was elected, he held office in Northumberland county, where he lived, and had been in Congress. After he went out of the Governor's office in 1858, he filled two or three positions in Philadelphia under the general government until a short time ago, and last week he was summoned from private life and appointed by the United States Circuit Court as Chief Supervisor of Elections for the district of Philadelphia. This position requires about as little to be done as any office that can possibly be imagined, and as the Judge who appointed him holds his office for for life, if he behaves himself well, Pollock will likely die with his official harness on. He is said to be a very amiable man, and, like the Irishman's turtle, remarkable for his good behavior.

HON. JOHN LOWRY, editor of the Indiana *Times* and ex- member of the Legislature, died at his residence in Indiana, after a brief illness, on Friday last, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was elected to the Assembly in 1882, and re-elected in 1884, and was as useful and fearless a member as has occupied a seat in that body for a long time. He was a strong Republican, but when an important public matter was to be considered he had the courage and independence to do what he believed to be just and right. At the extra session of 1883, rendered memorable on account of the protracted and fruitless struggle between the Republican Senate and Democratic House over the apportionment bills, Mr. Lowry became so disgusted at the persistency of Thomas V. Cooper and his Republican followers the Senate in forcing through that body an extreme partisan Congressional apportionment, that he introduced into the House a bill of his own framing known as the "Lowry bill," and although it did not do adequate justice to the Democracy of the State, it was an immense improvement on the Senate measure championed by Cooper and his friends. The Democratic majority in the House in order to end the struggle passed Mr. Lowry's bill as a compromise, but the Republicans in the Senate promptly rejected it, and there the matter ended, and there it has remained ever since although the Republicans controlled both houses at the last session. On other questions of State concern Mr. Lowry always acted the part of an honest, conscientious representative who was more intent upon promoting the public weal than upon securing the supremacy of his party by means of unjust partisan legislation. His untimely death is a serious loss to Indiana county.

THERE is trouble in Louisville, and a great deal of it, over the appointment of Mrs. Virginia C. Thompson to the office of postmistress at that city. She is stylish and good-looking—is the daughter of Rev. Alexander Campbell, of West Virginia, who was the founder of the Campbellite Church, and is represented by one who knows her well to be "as smart as chain lightning." It is said that when the Presidential election of 1886 was over, Mrs. Thompson got up a petition in favor of her appointment which was addressed to "President Tilden." She went straight on getting signers to her petition, on the theory that Tilden was elected, until the Electoral Commission cheated him and declared Hayes as President.—Here was a dilemma, but Mrs. T. was equal to the occasion, and simply clipped off the Tilden address and substituted one to Hayes. Then she went to Washington, where she hunted up Judge Black and Garfield, the latter being then in the House, and both of them members of the Campbellite Church. They went with her to the White House, and before they left it Hayes promised to appoint her, and he did so. She was reappointed by Mr. Arthur, and has therefore held the office for eight years. During the last Presidential campaign she kept her eye on the main chance, and is said to have divided her political affections impartially between Blaine and Cleveland by contributing an equal amount to each campaign fund. She has been at Washington for a month or more, and through Mr. Willis, the Louisville Congressman, has prevailed upon Mr. Cleveland to reappoint her, although he did not want to do so. A big indignation meeting and a big ratification meeting have been held in Louisville over her nomination, which is now in the hands of the Post-office Committee, but has not yet been finally acted upon. She solemnly protests that she was for Cleveland all the time, and Senator Beck espouses her cause, while Senator Blackburn is opposing her. It looks, however, as if Alexander Campbell's daughter will come out ahead.

MR. POWDERLY, Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, is and always has been a Democrat, but he emphatically repudiates the project recently started in some quarters of the State of nominating him as the next Democratic candidate for Governor. He says he has no political aspirations, and even if he had, he could not neglect the interests of the organization of which he is the head. This plain statement from Mr. Powderly's own lips in, Philadelphia on last Saturday, has dispelled the dreadful fear with which the Republican papers were seized when it was first announced that a movement was on foot among the Democrats to make him their candidate. Mr. Powderly would undoubtedly be a wonderfully strong candidate, and Blaine's eighty thousand majority in the State in 1884, which everybody knows was brought about by thirty thousand Irish Democrats voting for him, would disappear as mist does before the morning sun, if Powderly and Beaver were contestants in the coming campaign. This would more certainly be the result if Beaver should undertake to stump the State, as he has never yet made a political speech during a campaign in which he did not commit one or more glaring blunders. Mr. Powderly's determination not to enter the political field does him infinite credit. Owing to the wide extent of the labor troubles just now he is a most conspicuous figure, clothed with great power and with a corresponding responsibility resting upon him. He is a prudent, thoughtful man, and is resolute in his purpose to do what is right and expedient to compose the present difficulties and guard, as far as he possibly can, against their recurrence. He can do more good and accomplish better results in his present position than he could if he was Governor of Pennsylvania for twenty years.

THE marriage license law of this State was drawn up by the Rev. T. J. Sherrard, of Honeybrook, in Chester county, and put through the Legislature by Senator Haalan, of the same county. As it appears in the *Legislative Record* it requires that "*the party*" applying for license shall be questioned by the Clerk of the Court to whom the application is made, and the intent of the requirement, as stated by both the gentleman referred to, is that any responsible person may take out license for friends on satisfactorily answering the questions of the clerk. But as the law appears in pamphlet form "*the party* is changed to "*the parties*," so as to leave the impression that the persons to be married must go before the clerk and be questioned. The belief is that this change was made in order to cause embarrassment and bring such odium on the law as to cause it to be repealed. The matter is to be investigated.

THE fund of the New York *Sun* in aid of the starving fishermen on the west coast of Ireland closed on Friday last, the total subscriptions aggregating over eight thousand dollars. The need for further contributions from this country is ended by the recent action of the English Government in sending a commissioner to distribute food in its own behalf among the needy inhabitants of the island, and placing a gunboat at the service of the commissioner to transport meal and other food to the point where aid is still necessary. The letters received from the agents of the *Sun* who distributed the fund show that those who have been assisted in their dire extremity will never forget the gratitude due to their warm-hearted American friends and sympathizers.

THE balance sheet of the United States Treasurer shows that during the first nine months of the present fiscal year there has been an increase of over $7,000,000 in the revenues, and a decrease of over $16,000,000 in the expenditures, compared with the same period last year—a net gain of $23,000,000. This don't look much like the ruin to the credit of the nation that Republican newspapers predicted would be brought about by the election of a Democratic President.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

Citizens Urged to Unite in the Election of a Legislature that Will Enforce the State Constitution.

The committee of members of the Constitutional Convention of 1873 has issued an address to the people of Pennsylvania, calling upon them to secure the election of Legislators who will faithfully enact the legislation required by Articles XVI and XVII of the State Constitution, relating to railroads and canals. It will be noted that the name of Franklin B. Gowen has disappeared from the list as originally printed. The President of Reading refused to sign the address, and it is probable that he will be dropped from the committee. Secretary Newlin has sent out the following:

AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Fourteen years ago you called a convention for the purpose of amending the organic law of the Commonwealth. After nearly a year of patient and laborious deliberation numerous changes of imporance for the general welfare were adopted and submitted to the judgment ment of the people at a special election called for that purpose.

By a majority of 145,000 votes the new Constitution was ratified and went into effect.

Among the most important and valuable changes thus made and adopted were those contained in the sixteenth and seventeenth articles, relating to private corporations, railroads and canals. They were intended to limit companies enjoying corporate franchises to the purposes for which they were created, and to impose upon them such wholesome and necessary restrictions as seemed needful to protect the individual interests of citizens and communities, as well as of stockholders, from oppression and injustice.

Provisions were made forbidding undue and unreasonable discrimination in charges or in facilities for tranportation of freight or passengers within the State, or coming from or going to any other State, between individuals, associations or corporations; against the consolidation or control of parallel or competing lines of railroads or canals; against the absorption of mining and manufacturing business by corporations having the privileges of common carriers; against the furnishing of materials and supplies to corporations by their officers or directors; against the granting of free passes by railroad companies to any person except Directors and employes, and forbidding any fictitious increase of stock or bonds of private corporations.

The Constitution is not agrarian nor communistic. It assails no right of property, nor does it give countenance to principles which would degrade and demoralize society. Some of the changes made by it are rational in scope and purpose, but they were necessary to put down known abuses in government and corporate action; and they are, rightly considered, conservative of personal rights and social order.

But the Constitution cannot wholly enforce itself; nor could it provide detailed regulations for its enforcement by the courts of justice, and by executive authorities. These regulations must be provided by the Legislature in all cases where the laws already in existence cannot be applied or are insufficient.

Therefore, you commanded the General Assembly to enforce these provisions by appropriate legislation. This mandate has not been obeyed; and, as a consequence, reform in the management of corporate business has not been fully secured. The people's law is habitually violated, evaded and defied. The business interests of communities and individuals are sacrificed by reason of unjust and undue discriminations made by carrying companies in the transportation of freight; and, as a result, some are made to prosper, while others are left to languish.

Consolidation of transporting companies, that ought to afford the advantage of free competition, has not ceased; free passes are abundant, in the possession of those to whom the Constitution forbids their issue; excessive issues of stock and bonds, representing no actual investment, have continued. The advantages you had the right to expect to the general business of the State in the great departments of mining, manufacturing and agriculture, from an honest enforcement of your fundamental law, have not, in many respects, been realized.

In view of these facts, the undersigned, a committee of members of the convention of 1873, invoke thoughtful and efficient action by you in the selection of members of the Legislature at the next general election, by due inquiry into the claims of candidates upon your confidence when nominations are to be made. By personal conference with nominees, by resolutions of instruction and declarations of opinion in city, county, district and State conventions, you can secure a Legislature that will take up, with sincerity and earnestness, the long neglected work of constitutional-enforcement legislation, and carry it on persistently to successful results.

That work will involve, among other things, civil and criminal sanctions for the provisions of the Constitution. In proper cases the terrors of criminal punishment must be brought to bear upon wilful offenders against the people's fundamental law.

This undertaking of constitutional enforcement should be carried out, as was the work of the convention itself, independent and free from all considerations connected with party interests.

No free government can long exist where the organic law of the State is habitually defied.

JAS. P. BARR, A. G. CURTIN,
J. M. BROOMALL, M. F. ELLIOTT,
C. R. BUCKALEW, J. W. NEWLIN,
L. C. CASSIDY, H. W. PALMER,
GEO. N. CORSON, LEVI ROOKE,
DAVID N. WHITE.

THE "POET PRIEST" DEAD.

Father Ryan Expires After a Brief Illness at a Catholic Retreat.

LOUISVILLE, April 22.—Father Abraham J. Ryan, the "poet priest of the South," died at the Franciscan Monastery at St. Bonifacius, in this city, at 9 o'clock to-night. He came here a month ago from the Catholic institution at Reading, near Cincinnati. He intended to finish a life of Christ, which he had undertaken. He became ill within a week with organic heart disease, and grew steadily worse. For several days past his mind wandered and he has talked pitifully of his eventful life in the war days, and has preached to imaginary audiences. To-day he passed into a comatose state from which he never roused.

Father Ryan was born in Limerick in 1846. His family came to this country when he was a baby and located in Virginia. He was educated in Maryland for the priesthood. At the outbreak of the war his brother, Daniel L. Ryan, enlisted with the Confederates, and Father Ryan followed, ministering in the hospitals, preaching in the camp, and, in an extremity, handling a musket in the ranks. He was intrusted by the Confederate officers with many important commissions that required intelligence and boldness. After the war he was located at Nashville, Clarksville, Tenn., and at Natchez. Later he went to Mobile, where he was the firm friend of Bishop Quinlan. He preached regularly at the cathedral, and it was filled at nearly every service to its capacity of over 5,000, and frequently hundreds turned away. Owing to irregularities he was relieved.

When the rebellion ended he left Mobile for Billoxi, six miles from Beauvoir, the retreat of Jefferson Davis, and became the intimate friend of the ex-President of the Confederacy. Later he was at St. Mary's, Mobile, after which he began to lecture through the North for the benefit of charitable institutions, and he was for a time at Boston College, where he did some of his best writing.

His verses, inspired by the war, full of energy and a turbulent, striking imagery, were widely read in the South, and, with Paul Hamilton Hayne, he shares the honor of being a Southern poet known in the North. To Irishmen his writings have always been particularly welcome, and he contributed to many Catholic periodicals. While in Mobile, Harmis Taylor, a young lawyer, persuaded him to collect his poems, which were published at Taylor's risk. The best known are "To the Sword of Lee," "The Conquered Flag," and to the memory of his brother, who fell at Gettysburg.

HENRY GRATTAN.

The Great Irishman Whose Name Is Now Often Recalled.

"I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall." So spake Henry Grattan when the Irish Parliament came to an end. Inseparably coupled with the name of Grattan, the name of Charles Stewart Parnell will go down to posterity, and now that Parnell's name is on every lip, it is appropriate to bestow a few moments to the memory of his illustrious predecessor.

Henry Grattan was born at Dublin, July 3, 1746. His father was a Tory, but young Grattan soon seceded from his father's faith, for which he was disinherited. He entered Trinity College and distinguished himself there and in 1767 was called to the bar in London, and in 1772 in Ireland. In 1775 he entered the Irish Parliament, and, having given much time to the study of oratory, at once made his way to the front. In 1778 he moved an address to the crown, that the condition of Ireland was no longer endurable, and although his motion did not receive the support of the majority, it led to the reform of many abuses.

In 1780 he moved his famous resolutions that the "King, *with the consent of the Parliament of Ireland*, was alone competent to enact laws to bind Ireland." It was in April, 1782, however, that he aroused the Irish people to the greatest enthusiasm, when he delivered his "Declaration of Rights," and began his speech with—"I am now about to address a free people." In consequence of this movement the English Government was forced to pledge itself to the redress of Ireland's grievances. Grattan was voted £100,000, but would accept but £50,000. The breaking of the promises made by England led to the bloody rebellion of 1798, and Grattan, losing the support of many of his former allies, some of whom were bought over by the English, retired from Parliament. In 1800, however, he again entered it to oppose the bill for Union, and when that was passed uttered his inspired words with which we began our article. In 1807 he was induced to enter the English Parliament to lend his assistance to the Catholic Relief bill, and from this time until his death, in 1820, made this the one object of his life. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and lies near to the remains of Pitt and Fox.

A Word to Workers.

If your avocations are mentally or physically laborious, if they subject you to exposure in inclement weather, if they confine you to the desk, and are of a nature to involve wear and tear of the brain, and nervous strain, you may occasional require some reinvigorating tonic. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the article for you, it stimulates the failing energies, invigorates the body and cheers the mind. It enables the system to throw off the debilitating effects of undue fatigue, gives renewed vigor to the organs of digestion, aroused the liver when inactive, which it very often is with people whose pursuits are sedentary, relieves the jaded appetite, and encourages healthful repose. Its ingredients are safe, and its credentials, which consist in the hearty endorsement of persons of every class of society, are most convincing. Admirably is it adapted to the medical wants of workers.

—The appearance of Miss Ella Hammill, in the streets of Burlington, N. J., in a "Mother Hubbard" wrapper a few days ago, caused her to be grossly insulted. The Mayor has forbidden the wearing of "Mother Hubbards" on the streets unless belted.

You Who Lead Sedentary Lives

will find great relief from constipation, headache and nervousness, by taking Simmons Liver Regulator. It is a simple, harmless, vegetable compound sure to relieve you, and can do no injury. Persons of sedentary habits often suffer with kidney affections. If they would maintain the strength of the digestive organs and improve the quality of the blood by taking the Regulator it would restore the kidneys to health and vigor.

—Mr. Burch, of Nashville, drove his horse to the fountain in the public square to water him, when at the sight of the water the animal showed every symptom of hydrophobia. He dashed through the streets, biting at every thing in his way. Burch managed to guide him home, and then shot him.

A Great Discovery.

Mr. William Thomas, of Newton, Ia. says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial bottles free at E. James' drug store. Large size $1.00.

—It will not disappoint you. It is the best article known for purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. For 25 years erysipelas broke out in blotches on my face. I found no cure until I used Parkers Tonic two years ago. It is the medicine for me.—E. C. H.

—Bayard Taylor always insisted that animals recognize and remember the speech of their native land, and it is related of him that noticing a hippopotamus in Barnum's museum that looked dejected, Taylor spoke to it in English, but the beast did not move its head. Then, going to another corner of the stage, he said in Arabic, "I know you; come here to me." The beast at once turned his head and listened. Taylor repeated his words, when the animal came to him and rubbed its head against the bars and looked in the face of the speaker with evident delight. It was probably homesick, and a sound it had heard in its native land was vastly comforting.

—Charles Patterson, a notorious chicken thief of Richmond, Va., was in the habit of killing and dressing the chickens he stole before quitting the premises. Unfortunately for him, he fell asleep while picking chickens on Monday night, and in the morning the owner found him calmly snoring by the side of eight well-dressed fowls and a pile of feathers. Richmond roosts will not be troubled by Charles for many moons.

—Muskrats undermined a dam at Southington, Conn., and on Monday it gave way, letting all the water out of the pond. About $1,000 damage was done, but the whole town has since been living on fish, which were scooped up by the wagon load from the bottom of the dam.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—By the use of Buckingham's Dye, the whiskers may be easily made a permanent, natural brown, or black, as desired.

—The Church of England in the last 25 years has raised and spent for educational and religious purposes the sum of $407,866,185.

—Clipped from the *Canada Presbyterian*, under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, Propr.: I was cured of oft-recurring bilious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

—The value of the hardware produced in the United States each year is now about $60,000,000, and nearly half of it is made in Connecticut.

—Wyoming cattle kings have purchased 67,200 acres at Hillsboro and Manatee counties, Florida, for a cattle range. The price paid was $84,000 cash.

—Hunt's Remedy cures speedily bilious headache costiveness, dyspepsia, strengthens the stomach and purifies the blood.

—The vast extent of the cod liver oil industry in Norway can be calculated from the fact that in 1885, in Lofoten district, 17,000,000 fish were taken, and in the west of Nordland 7,500,000.

—Three children named Klusmeyer, who had been missing from their home at Quincy, Ill., since last September, were exhumed last week from a sand bank, where they had been buried alive by a cave-in.

—At Defiance, Ohio, Frederick Hillerman aged about 30 years, went out in a boat with his wife and two little children to fish in the Auglaize river. The boat capsized about thirty feet from shore and all were drowned.

—To obtain perfect rest go to bed as soon after sunset as possible, for it is laid down as a universal law that the hours of darkness are the only ones during which healthy sleep is possible. All worry and anxiety should, as far as possible, be habitually excluded from the mind for a considerable time before retiring.

—It has been calculated that when $1 railway fare is paid 15 cents of it goes to the stockholders, 20 cents to the bondholders and 65 cents towards paying the cost of operating the road, being chiefly distributed among workingmen. This is a general computation which does not apply to all roads, but is the average for all the roads in the country.

—Henry Bailey, aged 19 years, has been arrested at Kalamazoo, Mich., for attempting to wreck the East-bound train on the Michigan Central, on Wednesday evening, April 14. He made a confession stating that his father had suffered from the Michigan Central through a refusal to pay for the burning of sixty rods fence.

—Three young women of Snyder Hollow, were going home after visiting a neighbor the other afternoon, when they happened to see that a big bear was following them. They ran and screamed for about a mile, bruin loping along behind, until he got tired of the fun, and took to the woods. The girls had a narrow escape.

—Henry Fryer, 68 years old, a gatekeeper at Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, was found on last Friday night, hanging head downward from a tree not more than ten feet from the gate. He had been training a wild rose vine to run up the tree, and had no doubt lost his balance, and in falling caught his foot in a crotch of the tree on which he was standing.

—A duel with swords is said to have been recently fought at New Milton, W. Va., between Miss Mattie de Monterey and Miss Grace Dare, because the latter had become the betrothed of William F. Appleton, a young bank cashier, after having been engaged to Miss de Montery. Miss Dare is said to have been slightly wounded, and the fickle cashier, in admiration of Miss de Montery's courage, is reported to have again engaged himself to her.

—R. L. Judge, while out hunting near Spoonville, Ga., the other day, heard what he thought was the gobble of a wild turkey. He crept towards the sound, saw what he was sure was a big gobbler and fired. Thereupon, with a yell, a negro who had been trying to call up wild turkeys by imitating their cries, jumped to his feet, with the blood streaming from his head, where the shot from Judge's gun had hit him. The wounds were not very dangerous.

—Maine is probably the only State in the Union that ever had six governors in a space of time less than one year. In 1843 Governor Fairchild resigned; Governor Cavanaugh, the President of the Senate, died and was succeeded by Governor Parris, President of the Senate. He was succeeded by Governor Dunn, Speaker of the House, who in turn was succeeded by Governor Danna, President of the Senate, and he was succeeded by Governor Anderson, elected by the people.

—When a legal holiday falls on Sunday the following day is observed, with one exception. The special act designating Decoration Day a legal holiday, provides for its observance on Saturday when the 30th of May falls on Sunday. Notes falling due on Sunday, May 30th, are payable on Friday, May 28th. In the cases of other legal holidays falling on Sunday, notes are payable on the Saturday preceding.

EBENSBURG
-NORMAL SCHOOL-
5-ANNUAL TERM-5

A Thorough, Practical and Progressive School for the Teachers of the County. Will open on

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1886,

For a term of **TEN WEEKS**, in charge of County Superintendent Lewis Strayer and Prof. Thomas J. Itell, a graduate of the Indiana State Normal School.

SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES

Are offered to the teachers of the County to attend school at much less cost than at any other good school. Write for free circular giving full information to

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT,
P. O. Box 208, Ebensburg, Pa.
March 12, 1886.-6t.

NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING,

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.
V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 18, 1883-tf.

Ebensburg Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent
EBENSBURG, PA.,
Policies written at short notice in the old reliable
ÆTNA,
Old Hartford
And other First-Class Companies.

The Life Lesson

Learned by a Prominent Hudson Odd Fellow.

[*From the Hudson (N. Y.) Register.*]

Mr. John Ettwig, a faithful odd fellow (Past Grand, Lindenwald, No. 442) and a member of the Baptist Church, says: "I have been, as the most of my acquaintances in Hudson know, a sufferer from dyspepsia for ten years. Beginning with indigestion, sour stomach and flatulence, I became so weak that my body became a burden too heavy to carry, and my mind was weighted down with a gloomy despondency. After eating I felt as if I had a ball of glowing iron in my stomach; my abdomen would bloat and I was afflicted almost constantly with sick headache. A lady learning of my condition advised me to use DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, telling me what an infinite deal of good it had done her and others whom she knew. I began taking it in the latter part of August, and used altogether only three bottles, when it achieved in me the most wonderful improvement. I have now gained in flesh and feel stronger, happier and better than I have in ten years. FAVORITE REMEDY cured my friend, R. F. Hermans, of Glent, of the lingering remains of malarial fever and of biliousness. Mr. Harvey Thomas, the engraver on Warren street, just below the Worth House, says that it has had wonderfully good effects upon him. Scores of my acquaintances say that having once tried it they would never again be without it. I have given it to my children, and found it to be the best medicine I have ever known for regulating their bowels and purifying their blood. The knowledge of this medicine I deem the greatest lesson of physical life."

A Battle and Its Victory.—"I carried the burden of dyspepsia about all my life," said Mrs. Pierce, a lady eighty years old, residing at Rochester, N. Y., "until about three years ago, when I began taking Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy'—of Rondout, you know—and it has given me more ambition and strength than I have had since I was young."

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.

As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.
W. J. McELROY, Macon, Ga.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, Mass., June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing so much in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.
Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masven, Bapaaland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.
Yours truly,
T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

ENCOURAGE
HOME INDUSTRY.

The attention of buyers is respectfully invited to my large stock of

ELEGANT FURNITURE,
CONSISTING OF
Parlor and Chamber Suits,
WARDROBES, SIDEBOARDS,
Centre, Extension and Breakfast Tables
CHAIRS, CUPBOARDS, SINKS,
BED SPRING MATTRESSES,

and in fact nearly everything pertaining to the Furniture business. Also, any goods in that line manufactured in the United States sold at the lowest catalogue prices.

Upholstering, Repairing and Painting

of all kind of Furniture, Chairs, Lounges, &c. promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Ware room on High street, opposite the Congregational church. Please call and examine goods whether you wish to purchase or not.
E. B. CRESSWELL.
Ebensburg, April 18, 1884.-1y.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

A Normal School will open
April 26th, 1886,
FOR A
Term of Ten Weeks
in the Ebensburg Public School
BUILDING.

The School will be conducted by J. W. LEECH, Principal of the Ebensburg Schools, and Prof. T. T. Bearer, graduate of the Northwestern (Ohio,) Normal School.

Special attention will be paid to the wants of teachers. The higher branches will receive careful attention. BOOK KEEPING WILL BE TAUGHT THOROUGHLY.

For further particulars and circulars address
J. W. LEECH.
Ebensburg, March 26, 1886.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that John Roehm, of Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., has made an assignment to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. Those indebted to him will please make payment without delay and those having claims against said Roehm are requested to present them for payment.
W. H. SMAY, Assignee.
Summerhill township, April 16, 1886. 3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Samuel Hates, of Ebensburg Borough, Cambria county, Pa., has made an assignment to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. Those indebted to him will please make payment without delay, and those having claims against said assignor will present them for payment.
WM. H. SECHLER, Assignee.
Ebensburg, Pa., April 16, 1886.—3t.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

A BIG OFFER To introduce them we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. The National Co., 21 Dey St., New York.

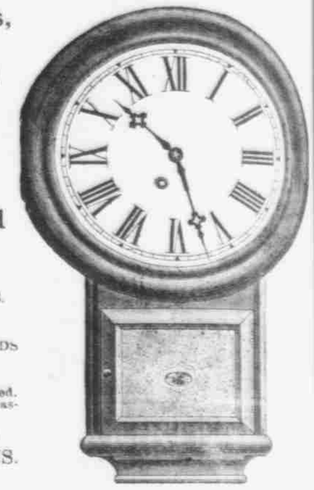
LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN!

To the Citizens of Cambria Co. Generally; to Good Dressers Particularly.

If you love Nice Clothes, GOETZ, the Tailor, invites you to No. 1511 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, to examine into the Magnitude, Variety and Beauty of his New Spring Stock.

ALF. E. GOETZ,
Merchant Tailor,
1511 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Penn'a.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.



Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED. ☜
CARL RIVINIUS.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.

B. J. LYNCH,
UNDERTAKER,
And Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.,
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
ALTOONA, PA.

☞ Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest.
Altoona, April 16, 1886.-tf.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH
CURES COLD IN HEAD
ROSE-COLD
HAY FEVER
DEAFNESS
HEADACHE
PRICE 50 CENTS
ELY BRO'S
OWEGO, N.Y.
CATARRH
HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM IS WORTH $1,000 TO ANY MAN, Woman or Child Suffering from Catarrh.
A. E. NEWMAN, Grafting, Mich.

A particle is applied in each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price, 50 cts. by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROS., Druggists
May 1, 1884.-y. Owego, N. Y.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION,
Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.

An elegant, efficacious, pleasant aperient in the form of a powder, producing when dissolved in water an exhilirating, effervescing draught. Recommended by our best physicians as a reliable and agreeable remedy. It will prevent constipation, cures indigestion, cures dyspepsia, cures heartburn, cures piles, cures sick-headache, cures liver complaint, and sick stomach, and gently urges all the secretory organs to a proper action. It should be found in every household and be carried by every traveler. *Sold by all druggists everywhere.*

1794. 1883.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 31, 1882.

PALMS
Business
COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Offers facilities not to be found elsewhere. Young men thoroughly qualified for business in from 2 to 4 months. Course of study complete and practical, and includes every transaction that will occur in any kind of business. Penmanship by professors. Life Scholarship only $100. Write for circulars.

CHEAPEST and BEST. Prices Reduced
HOLMAN'S NEW PARALLEL BIBLES!
Over 2,000 pages. *Fully Illustrated.* Ag'ts wanted. Circulars free. A. J. Holman & Co., Phila.

LADIES WANTED—To work for us at their own homes. $7 and $10 per week can be easily made; no canvassing; fascinating and steady employment. Particulars and sample of the work sent for stamp. Address HOME M'F'G CO., P. O. Box 1018, Boston, Mass.

WE want SALESMEN every where, local and traveling, to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state salary wanted. STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT
—HIGH ARM—
"JENNIE JUNE"
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.

The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.
AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JUNE MANUFACTURING CO.
Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE
LORETTO, PA.
IN CHARGE OF
FRANSISCAN BROTHERS.
Board and Tuition
for the Scholastic Year, $200.
March 26th, 1886.-1y.

R. L. JOHNSTON, E. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Money Received on Deposit.
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, --- APRIL 30, 1886.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—The trees are blossoming.

—For bananas go to the Sugar Bowl.

—For choice groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—One grain drill for sale cheap at Dufton & Son's hardware store.

—Mr. Larry Donahoe, of Philadelphia, spents few days in town this week.

—New goods are arriving every day this week at Barkers'. Call in and see them and get a new dress from the new styles.

—Letters await the following persons at Ebensburg postoffice: Mr. Elias Hake (Gallitzin), Cy. R. Jones, Mr. C. B. James.

—"Rough's Remedy is valuable and its benefits are permanent. Cured me of kidney disease."—SULLIVAN FENNER, Providence, R. I.

—You can double your crop of corn, oats or potatoes by buying a few bags of phosphate at Barkers', who sell the best and cheapest article.

—For fresh vegetables go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The Cresson & Colport railroad will be fully open to passenger and freight traffic on the 1st of May. There will be two trains daily to and from Cresson.

—On May 3d our readers will have an opportunity of inspecting Woolf & Son's magnificent line of spring and summer clothing at the Mountain House.

—For fresh canned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

—W. S. Barker & Bros. are offering the farmers of this vicinity a chance to change their seed oats, potatoes, etc., as they have a new variety for sale.

—The hotel keepers of Blair county on Monday last met in Altoona, and organized an association for protection against sediscrete organizations.

—Mr. Frederick Schwanderer, a brother of Mr. George J. Schwanderer of Summerhill, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Christ Glick, in Johnstown on Friday last, aged forty-four years.

—Just as we were about going to press we learned of the death of Mr. David Stahle, of Cambria township, who died on Thursday morning after an illness of several days, aged about seventy years.

—At Barkers' you will find the first new stock of spring goods, as well as the largest stock consisting of all the latest styles.

—We are informed that Woolf & Son's clothing establishment in Johnstown is crowded daily; hence the delay this season in Mr. Sulin's visit here.

—A valuable horse belonging to the Express Company, of Altoona, was killed on the railroad near Wentworth street, Altoona, on Saturday night. He was so badly mutilated about the head and face that recognition was impossible. His height was about 5 feet, 9 inches and his age about 27 years.

—While Thomas Daley and several other boys were playing in the old Catholic cemetery in Conemaugh borough on Friday last, the headstone that marks the grave of Casper W. Easly, Esq., which had become loosened and was propped up with a stick, fell on the left leg of young Daley and fractured his thigh.

—At a meeting of the council of Ebensburg borough on Monday last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Deputy Burgess, Fergus Lloyd; Clerk, Wm. H. Connell; Street Commissioner, Charles J. Owens; Water Superintendent, Richard L. Thomas; Solicitor, A. V. Barker; Treasurer, Isaac Davis.

—On Tuesday morning last the crew of a freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad found the dead body of a man lying at the foot of the railroad bank a short distance west of Cresson. There were no marks on the body and nothing to identify it, but it is believed that the man was struck by a passing train. The body was buried at the latter place.

—About a week ago a cow belonging to Mr. Isaac Wissinger, of Blacklick township, gave birth to a calf that weighed one hundred and twenty-three pounds. The cow is a nearly full-blooded Durham, and the sire is a Kentucky shorthorn. James White, David Williams and Elias Rowland, Esqs., were present when the calf was weighed and will vouch for its remarkable size.

—"Dozens of letters a day pour in upon Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., from people who have been benefitted by using his popular preparation called Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy.' And they often illustrate what this remarkable medicine accomplishes in some new and hitherto untried field of operation. Not infrequently patients come long distances to grasp the Doctor by the hand and express their gratitude for deliverance from pain."—Troy, (N. Y.) Daily ——.

—Our town has been more than unusually dull for the past few days, people living in the country being all very busy at their spring work and having but little time to come to town. Those who come, however, go straight to the store of John Owens, on High street, where they can buy dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions at all times at bottom prices.

—The Somerset *Democrat* says: "On Monday the last of the personal property in this place, belonging to the Messrs. Collins, contractors, was shipped to their present contract in Schuylkill county. A large procession of carts passed through the streets on their way east early in the morning. From this action we presume the Messrs. Collins have concluded that work will not soon again be resumed on the South Pennsylvania."

—Thomas A. Shoemaker, formerly of this place, has the contract for driving a tunnel at Buck Mountain Colliery, near Mahonoy City, in Schuylkill county. He kept a quantity of powder and dynamite in a large chest at its mouth. About a o'clock on last Friday afternoon a Hungarian went to the chest to get some powder, and, as was supposed, failed to extinguish his lamp, a spark from which ignited the powder, and the whole mass of explosives went off at once, blowing the unfortunate man to atoms. The shock was distinctly felt three miles from the accident. The chest was standing near a spring around which a crowd was almost constantly congregated, but fortunately at this time it was deserted. The name of the dead man is unknown.

BOY SHOT.

On Wednesday afternoon Clement Larimer, John Thompson and George Dick, three boys aged about fifteen years, all belonging to Ebensburg, went fishing to the dam of Mr. John M. Hughes and in the evening went down to the dam of Mr. Evan J. Evans, about three miles from town. They took with them a small 22 calibre breech loading rifle. About half past six o'clock while walking along near the dam, Larimer in front, Thompson next and carrying the gun with the muzzle pointing in front, and Dick a short distance behind, Young Dick went to throw his fishing rod away, when the rod struck the hammer of the gun, discharged it, and Larimer fell, the ball striking him in the back of the head. Miss Evans from Mr. Evans' house heard the report of the gun, saw the boy fall, and hurried to his assistance, as also did several men who were working in a field close by. Mr. David Evans quickly took the harness off one of his horses and galloped to Ebensburg for medical aid, and Dr. Jones immediately started for the scene, and Dr. Davison followed soon after; but the poor boy had breathed his last before the physicians reached him. He lived about half an hour after being shot without speaking, being entirely unconscious, and died in the arms of Mr. David Lewis. The ball entered the back part of the head, on the left side about midway between the ear and the middle of the neck, and lodged in the brain. His body was brought home to his grief stricken mother, who is a widow and was heart-broken when the news of the terrible accident was told to her. Young Larimer was a quiet, manly little fellow, small for his age, a favorite with everybody, and his tragic death is deeply regretted not only on his own account, but also on account of the boys who were with him, who will always remember with regret their unfortunate, though unintentional, connection with it. It is a solemn and sad warning to boys as well as men that they cannot be too careful in the handling of firearms. An inquest was held by R. Jones, Esq., who empaneled a jury and viewed the body on Wednesday evening, and adjourned until Thursday morning, when, after hearing the evidence, they rendered a verdict of accidental shooting.

Wilmore Items.

Peter McDade, Father McHugh's sexton, who had a finger amputated about a month ago, and who is now at the home of his mother in Gallitzin, is getting better, notwithstanding he has had a very sore hand.

John McDunn, the son of James McDunn, a young man of 18 years, and for some time past in delicate health, and who a couple of weeks ago went to supply for the time the place of Peter McDade in doing the light chores about the church and pastorial residence, was on Palm Sunday eve seized with a series of violent hemorhages of the lungs, and now lies at the home of his father in Summerhill township at the point of death, which may occurr at any moment.

Sisters Mactildas and Germaine came to the mountain Tuesday to visit Aleck Parrish who is a nephew to the former and a cousin to the latter, and John McDunn who is a nephew to Sr. Germaine and grandnephew to Sr. Mactildas. Mr. Parrish is reported some better than he was last week.

The bans of matrimony were on Sunday last published for the second time between Peter C. Yahner of Carrolltown, and Katie Plummer of Summerhill, and between Bernard Ammerman of Allegheney city, and Mary E. Topper of Adams township.

Several property owners in and around Wilmore have signed a paper conferring power of attorney on a gentleman from New York who has been here for some eight or ten months in the capacity of a timber merchant to sell their right to coal underlying their respective premises for a stipulated amount ranging from $2 to $10 per acre. The object is to prove the town by developing the resources, nevertheless we think that people should be cautious, and understand well what they are doing. That there is coal is certain, and if the record of Collins' oil well can be relied on, veins of paying thickness abound, and we think that besides the bonus people should reserve a bonus, however small, as the development of the mineral wealth of this region, in the event of a boom in the coal trade is a foregone conclusion.

'Squire Miller is circulating in the counties in the western part of the State somewhat promiscuously of late. He was in Greensburg, Monday, ostensibly to interest capitalists there in the development of our coal deposits (he can develop the financial deposits in the Wilmore bank without fear of the cashier vamoosing to Canada), but some people think his traveling has a political signification, and that if he has not an eye on the Republican nomination for Gen. Campbell's successor for himself he is working in the interest of somebody best known to himself. The 'Squire is an astute politician, is sound for a *high tariff*, and is a man of strong convictions, among which are some correct ones, and if he should see fit to enter the political arena there will be a lively canvas.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is excavating the foundation, it is said, for a viaduct to supply the place of Little Conemaugh No. 2 bridge near Summerhill.

Escaped From Jail.

Bob Delaney and Fred. Edwards, who were sent up from Johnstown about three weeks ago by 'Squire Strayer to serve a term of eight months in jail for surety of the peace, took their departure on Tuesday night for parts unknown.

They made their exit by digging a hole through the jail wall with a piece of an iron slat about a foot long which they took out of their bedstead and a piece of the iron railing that runs around the platform in the corridor. After they got through the prison wall the wall that surrounds the jail yard had to be crossed, which they effected by taking a couple of sixteen-foot boards from the roof of the bake oven which they placed on top of the pig pen and then crawled up to the top of the wall. To get down from the wall on the outside they had made a rope out of three blankets taken from their beds and tied together, which they fastened to the coping of the wall and then slid down the rope. What time in the night they made their escape is not known, but it must have been some time towards morning as it would take them most of the night to do the digging.

Who Shall Decide When Judges Disagree?

"Some years ago," says the Bedford *Gazette*, "the county auditors refused to allow compensation to the jury commissioners for time spent in travelling over the county securing the names of jurors, and this action was sustained by the court. Last week Judge McPherson, of Lebanon county, rendered a decision which is in direct conflict with the decision of Judge Baer. A suit was brought by an ex-jury commissioner against Lebanon county to recover compensation for 'service during the time in which he was engaged in securing the names to be placed in the wheel.' Judge McPherson holds that the selection of persons to serve as jurors in the county courts is a duty of the gravest importance; that great discretion should be used in the performance of it; that the commissioners should subject the names of those handed to them to careful and judicious sifting; that it is not only the right of the jury commissioners, but their bounden duty as well, to go into the various townships to make careful inquiry whether these men are in reality 'sober, intelligent and indicious persons.' In accordance with these views Judge McPherson decides that the jury commissioner was entitled to pay for the time he was employed in making these very necessary investigations."

It is now about five years since I first began selling Ely's Cream Balm, and from the time of its first introduction there has been a growing demand for it, and so far it has given very great satisfaction to my customers. I consider it a catarrh remedy of genuine merit.

—A roller skate manufacturer tells a reporter of the Boston *Herald* that the "craze" is over for the present, so far as rink skating is concerned' but that large numbers of the skates are sold for street use by the children. Many fortunes have been made and lost in the excitement.

—"We don't have to recommend Parker's Hair Balsam but once," writes Mr. C. A. Burger, druggist, of Liberty, N. Y. "After that it stands on its record." It stops falling hair, restores original color, softness and gloss. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff.

For fifteen years I was annoyed with severe pain in my head and discharges into my throat from catarrh. My sense of smell was much impaired. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm I have overcome these troubles.—J. B. Case, St. Dennis Hotel, New York.

—We should have better preaching if the preachers were all sound and healthy men. Calvin may have had the dyspepsia, but it did him no good as a theologian. A Methodist minister, of Hartford, Conn., writes that Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" cured him of chronic liver disease and indigestion. His brethern of all denominations are respectfully invited to note the fact. Sick preachers are in poor condition to proclaim the gospel news. Sound bodies are wanted.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised at the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by E. James.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14,-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. Office on Centre street, first door.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT — OF — CAMBRIA COUNTY, FOR THE YEAR 1886.

VENDERS of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Distillers and Brewers, Brokers, &c., in Cambria county, will take notice that they have been appraised, and classed by the undersigned Appraiser of Mercantile and other license tax for the year 1886, as follows, to wit:

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

CLASS.		TAX.
14	Daniel Gohn	$7 00
14	J P Gohn	7 00
14	J R Small	7 00
14	E S Orumbling	7 00
14	George King	7 00

ALLEGHENY TWP.

14	C R & H Rimmelwright	7 00
14	W J Buck	7 00

BARR TWP.

14	Robert Glenn	7 00
13	Maloy and Lieb	10 00

BLACKLICK TWP.

14	Isaac Michael	7 50

CAMBRIA BOR.

14	Patrick Boyle	7 00
14	Thomas E Howe	7 00
14	P Green	7 00
14	William Gaffney	7 00
14	L A Sible	7 00
14	John Dwilling	7 00
14	Joseph Stibich	12 50
14	John Kintz & Son	7 00
14	Peter Sulty	7 50
14	Martin Fish	7 00
14	Bernard Garvey	7 00
14	Andrew Gilbert	7 00
14	Meyers Bros. & Newman	7 00

CARROLLTOWN BOR.

13	P L Eck	10 00
14	J Binder	7 50
14	R F Mancher	7 00
13	J W Sharbaugh	10 00
14	Andrew Eckenrode	7 00
14	H C Bulitz	7 00
14	P J Dolitch	7 00
14	J J Raugs & Bro	7 00
14	H B Fothoff	7 00
14	C A & S H Buck	7 00
14	William Noel	7 50

CHEST SPRINGS BOR.

14	J Parry & Son	7 00
14	C D Whartman	7 00
14	Henry Mellon	7 00

CLEARFIELD TWP.

14	Thomas Dumphy	7 00
14	M A Dunegan	7 00
14	M A Pierson	7 50

CONEMAUGH BOR.

14	Conrad Gerhart	7 00
14	Joseph M Young	7 00
14	J R Clark	7 00
14	A Lahnyer	7 00
14	W Steigerwald	7 00
14	John Stormer	7 00
14	M D Jones	7 00
14	John Widman	7 00
14	W B Tice	7 50
14	J J Strayer	7 00
14	J Ridle & Son	7 00

CROYLE TWP.

14	J D Plummer	7 00
14	D A Burtnett	7 00
13	John Brown	10 00
11	George B Stineman	15 00
13	J W Davis	10 00
12	Dimon & Simendinger	12 50
12	South Fork Supply Co	12 50
12	Brown, George & Co	12 50
14	James Carothers	7 00

COOPERSDALE BOR.

14	A E Somerville	7 00
13	Kimple & Sherman	10 00
14	D P Laugry	7 00

DEAN TWP.

14	F R Shaff	7 50

EAST CONEMAUGH BOR.

14	Samuel Tibbott	7 00
14	P F Shaffer	7 00
14	Charles Pringle	7 00
14	F G Harvey	7 00
14	J B Kaufman	7 00
14	Samuel Klinefelter	7 00

EBENSBURG BOR.

14	Geo Gurley	7 00
13	C T Roberts	7 00
12	V S Barker	12 50
14	Jacob Thomas	7 00
14	E James	7 00
14	John Owens	7 00
12	Lloyd & Son	12 50
13	Geo Huntley	10 00
14	Edward Griffith	7 00
14	D E Evans	7 00
14	Carl Rivinius	7 00
14	E E Parish	7 00
14	J M Thompson	7 00
13	Thomas Griffith	10 00
13	A Strittmatter	10 50
14	Davis & Bros	7 00
13	E Dufton & Son	10 00
14	Richard L Davis	7 00
14	T J Davidson	7 50
14	W E Shields	7 00

ELDER TWP.

14	Thos Ott & Co	7 00
14	Francis E Farbaugh	7 00

FRANKLIN BOR.

12	Adams & Davis	12 50
14	G S Paul	7 00
14	Martin Custer	7 00
13	D W Colter	10 00
14	Peter Rubritz	7 00
14	Hudson & Co	7 00
13	J Kelley & Co	10 00

GALLITZIN BOR.

14	J Yeckley	7 00
14	Wm Yeckley	7 50
14	Taylor & McCoy	7 50
14	Thos Bradley	7 00
14	Michael Bracken	7 00
14	S B Corn	7 00
14	F J Christy	7 00
14	A C Buck & Co	7 00
14	J Bengle	7 00
14	J J Troxell	7 00
14	John Ferguson	7 00
14	Monroe & Co	7 00
14	Charles Quinn	7 00
14	J J McCoy	7 00
14	P J Manson	7 50

GRUBTOWN BOR.

14	Jerome Bowman	7 00

JACKSON TWP.

14	David Simmons	7 50
14	James M Smith	7 50

JOHNSTOWN BOR.

14	Wm Strass Sr	7 00
13	John Ryan	10 00
14	David Creed	7 00
13	Miller & Lawrence	10 00
14	George Heiser	7 50
13	John Fenn	10 00
14	C Monteverde	7 00
14	J F Ettenberger	7 00
13	F W Hay	10 00
14	Alex Reck	7 00
13	J M Shumaker	10 00
14	Lewis Wehn	7 00
14	C Kimple	7 00
14	C Krieger	7 00
14	John Fritz	7 00
13	A Rowland	10 00
14	M S Maloy	7 00
14	S Mosser	7 00
13	Wm Updegrave	10 00
13	Geis & Shry	10 00
14	Bantly and Fronheiser	15 00
14	Geis Foster & Quinn	40 00
14	M & C A Horn	7 00
13	James J Murphy	10 00
13	C O Luther	10 00
14	H T Defrance	7 00
11	V Luther	15 00
14	A Cohen	7 00
13	F W Kretz	10 00
13	Geo Umvertagt	10 00
14	J W Stevenson	7 00
13	Davis & Walters	10 00
14	A Semple	7 00
13	T E Morgan	10 50
14	Geo Muehlhauser	7 00
14	J L Pittenger	7 00
14	Dunlap & Vetecht	7 00
14	Kirlin & Co	7 50
14	N Struver	7 00
14	John W Owens	7 00
14	J H Hennings	7 00
14	Lewis Luckheart	7 00
12	Geo Kiper & Co	12 50
14	J & R Gallagher	7 00
12	S Kinman	12 50
13	Phillip Bros	10 00
14	C Cohen	7 00
12	John Stenger	12 50
14	A Nathan	7 00
14	Standard Steel	7 00
12	Scott Dibert	12 50
14	Lewis Cohen	7 00
14	Eldridge & Young	7 00
13	C T Frazier	10 50
14	Henry Prichard	7 00
14	Geo T Bell	7 00
14	D H Jones	7 00
14	E S Wilt	7 00
14	Wm Owens	7 00
14	D H Baird	7 00
14	W R Hubert	7 00
14	Charles Brown	7 00
14	Davis & Bros	7 00
14	T G Stewart	7 00
14	L Baumer	7 00
14	McMillin & Waters	7 00
13	J Q A Bensbuff	10 00
14	A F Kinney	7 00
12	L Stargarder	12 50
13	Kramer & Bros	10 50
14	John Dibert	7 00
13	Charles Griffith	10 00
8	L M Woolf	30 00
13	E Zang	10 00
7	John Thomas	40 00
14	Ed E Hohmann	7 00
13	J Replogle	10 50
14	Nathan Chilcoat	7 00
13	Philadelphia Branch	10 00
14	John McMahan	7 50
13	B F Burkinet	7 00
13	John McDermott	10 00
14	Frank Thomasberger	7 50
13	Porter & Mitchell	12 00
14	C G Campbell	7 00
14	M Hohm	7 00
12	W S Weaver	12 50
14	W H Liversgood	7 00
14	W A Cromer	10 00
10	J Swank & Son	20 00
14	Wm Cladwell	7 00
13	Charles S Ruth	10 00
13	Singer M F & Co	10 00
13	Plack & Bros	10 00
14	E T Schaff	7 00
13	G Bostort	10 50
14	Henry Tering	7 00
14	Geo Myers	7 00
14	Chas Liffer	7 00
12	Henderson & Alexandria	12 50
14	G Hoffman	7 00
13	E Goldenberger	10 00
14	J B Slatter	7 00
13	Petriken & Berry	10 00
14	John M Taney	7 00
14	John Brady	7 50
14	H W Given	7 00
13	W W Pike	10 00
14	J S Ashbridge	7 00
14	L Lockter	7 00
12	G W Moses	12 50
13	J Edwards	10 00
13	Jolly Bros	10 00
13	Brinker Bros	10 00
13	Schrader & Greer	10 00
14	Charles Ludwig	7 50
14	John A McKinney	7 00
12	P A Cohaugh & Co	12 50
13	Loebler & Livergood	10 00
13	W Blanck	10 00
14	Charles Hochstine	7 00
14	Wm Strauser Sr	7 00
14	McGarry & Son	7 00
14	Brinker & Bros	7 00
14	Ringler & Schiffhauer	7 00
13	J C Confer	10 00
13	Thomas & Walters	10 00
12	Marshall & Weakland	12 50
14	Geo K Schryock	7 00
10	Latrobe Lumber & Broom Co	20 50
A	Wood Morrell & Co Limited	350 00
12	Barrick & McClelland	12 50
14	Conrad Widdersheim	7 00
14	Joseph Slick	7 00
14	Laskin & Co	7 00
12	Akers & Baumer	13 00
14	Davis & Walters	7 50
14	J H Decker	7 00
14	Faust & Ream	7 00
14	Wilcox & White Organ Co	7 50
14	Joseph E Strayer	7 00
14	Cambria Iron Co	7 50
12	Cohen & Marx	12 50

LILLY BOR.

14	John Conrad	7 00
14	Geo McIntosh	7 00
14	M A McGonigle	7 00
10	F C & C A George	7 50
14	Hughes & Co	7 50
14	John Leahey	7 00
14	Caron Leahey	7 00
14	F A Thompson	7 00

LOWER YODER TWP.

14	Peter Sally	7 50
14	Seight & Hill	7 00
14	H M Tomb & Bros	7 00
14	Z Miller	7 50
14	D E Maritz & Son	7 00

LORETTO BOR.

14	J E Shields	7 00
14	W W McAteer	7 00
14	M F McDonald	7 00
14	H F O'Friel	7 00
14	A J Christy	7 50
14	Wm Litzinger	7 00
14	Loretto Mdse Co	7 00

MILLVILLE BOR.

14	Wm Stremel	7 00
14	W S O'Brien	7 00
14	H W Given	7 00
13	G W Stutzman & Son	10 00
14	Miles Buckley	7 50
14	Patrick Conley	7 00
14	V L Jones	7 00

MUNSTER TWP.

14	H J Eberly	7 00

PORTAGE TWP.

14	J E Noel	7 00
14	Sylvester McKurzie	7 00
13	J C Martain & Co	10 00
14	W C Mulholland	7 00
14	Mrs M A Pringle	7 00

PROSPECT BOR.

14	Austin Neary	7 00
14	Patrick Fleming	7 50

READE TWP.

14	H Fisk	7 00
14	G T Glasgow	7 00
14	J S McCartney	7 00
14	Max Frick	7 00
14	R L Bower	7 00
14	John McDonald	7 00
14	Gates Glasgow & Co	7 00

RICHLAND TWP.

14	Wm Trent	7 00
14	Geo Conrad	7 00

SUMMIT BOR.

14	John Eger	7 00
14	James Gillen	7 00
14	William McConnell	7 00
14	Albert Eckenrode	7 00
14	Mrs C Parish	7 00
14	Mrs P Bender	7 50

STONYCREEK TWP.

14	Samuel Strayer	7 00
14	L W Buck	7 00
14	M J Cook	7 00

TUNNEL HILL BOR.

14	Dr Murphy	7 00
14	Mrs P Smith	7 00
14	Thomas E Plunkett	7 00
14	John J Kinney	7 50
14	G W Shiffler	7 00

TAYLOR TWP.

14	S P Morrell	7 00

WASHINGTON TWP.

14	Mrs John Leap	7 00

WILMORE BOR.

14	P F Kirby	7 00
14	A W Platner	7 00
14	P M Brown	7 00
14	J C Moorhead	7 50
14	John Scroth	7 00

WOODVALE BOR.

14	S B Eldridge	7 00
13	W H Rosensteel & Son	10 00

WHITE TWP.

14	Fisk & Co	7 00

Retailers of Spirituous Liquors as Assessed in Cambria County, FOR THE YEAR 1886.

		License.
ADAMS TWP.		
	John Orris	$50 00
ALLEGHENY TWP.		
	Frederick Bust	50 00
BARR TWP.		
	E Gessler	50 00
CAMBRIA BOR.		
	Elizabeth Judge	50 00
	Bridget Howe	50 00
	Charles Boyle	50 00
	John Waters	50 00
	John Kintz	50 00
	Pat McLaughlin	50 00
	Peter Fitzpatrick	50 00
	Pat Boyle	50 00
	Ignatius Fisher	50 00
	Ed Hayes	50 00
	Francis E Kelley	50 00
	Peter Rath	50 00
	Hugh McConnell	50 00
	Henay Sally	50 00
	Jacob Hartman	50 00
	Frank Kurtz	50 00
	John Lysett	50 00
	David Burkhart	50 00
	George Aigner	50 00
	Jacob Schaffer	50 00
	John Sheffauer	50 00
	Michael Curley	50 00
	Peter Toner	50 00
	John E Fees	50 00
CARROLLTOWN BOR.		
	Lawrence Schroth	50 00
	A H Haug	50 00
	H A Englhart	50 00
	James Stoltz & Co	50 00
	Ed L Binder	50 00
CARROLL TWP.		
	J A Bagly	50
	Thomas Weakland	50
CHEST TWP.		
	Joseph Rhody	50
CHEST SPRINGS BOR.		
	John Crouse	50
	Mrs Mary A Hocoll	50
CONEMAUGH BOR.		
	P S Friedhoff	50
	Earhart Maltzie	50
	John Karr	50
	George Held	50
	John Ganse	50
	Philip Hertzinger	50
	Frederick Bucher	50
	John Karl	50
	Charles Munzier	50
	Ben Hist	50
	Josiah Swank	50
	Albert Lecky	50
	Charles Hoffman	50
	P Oscar Weather	50
	Benedict Eger	50
	Andrew Fitzsimmons	50
	Unity Daly	50
	Catherine A Sloan	50
	Laura Lookey	50
	Mrs Anna Ernst	50
	Kate Walcher	50
CROYLE TWP.		
	Charles N Crouse	50
	Peter Brown	50
	John D Wenderoth	50
	Henry Hartman	50
	A J Skelly	50
	James Mulheron	50
	John Griffith	50
DEAN TWP.		
	Thomas Dumphy	50
	Leonard Hollis	50
	J J Rhody	50
EAST CONEMAUGH BOR.		
	John Furlong	50
	Geo A Confer	50
	Wm J Cannon	50
	Margaret Kelly	50
EBENSBURG BOR.		
	John A Blair	50
	P F Brown	50
	J B Danny	50
	John Bender	50
ELDER TWP.		
	Francis X Ott	50
	Charles Endler	50
FRANKLIN BOR.		
	Peter Rubritz	50
GALLITZIN BOR.		
	Michael Fitzharris	50
	Henry E Haug	50
	Max Stehle	50
	Arnold Lentz	50
	Charles Dross	50
	Joseph M Gunning	50
	D E Burk	50
GRUBTOWN BOR.		
	Mrs Catherine Ream	50
	John O C McIntyre	50
JOHNSTOWN BOR.		
	Daniel Lysett	50
	Joseph Crouse	50
	John Coad	50
	Geo Kough	50
	John Sheffauer	50
	John Franke	50
	Neal Sharkey	50
	Philip Schultheis	50
	Thomas Kunsey	50
	Conrad Hoffman	50
	Geo C Raab	50
	John James	50
	E H Willower	50
	Patrick O'Connell	50
	John D Thomas	50
	Robert Sagerson	50
	Chas Zimmerson sr	50
	Charles Oswald	50
	Steven Quirk	50
	Wm H Thompson	50
	Mrs E Kost	50
	John Murton	50
	H Fritz and Chas Wess	50
	John Fritz	50
	John V Shaffer	50
	Joseph Beiter	50
	Joseph Kost	50
	James J Mulligan	50
	John J Hornick	50
	Wm Thomas	50
	Hugh Greenwood	50
	Chas H Mesteer	50
	John McCann	50
	Thos J Lewis	50
	Eckhart Pile	50
	Fred W Hoffman	50
	Henry H Thomas	50
	William Shaffer	50
	Andrew Abler	50
	John B Gerhart	50
LILLY BOR.		
	C Robine	50
	C A George	50
	Margaret Helly	50
	Geo Brant	50
	John Metzgar	50
	Edward Mulheron	50
	Simon Ryon	50
LOWER YODER TWP.		
	Michael Conway	50
	Francis Lecky	50
LORETTO BOR.		
	C F O'Donnell	50
	Florian Bengell	50
	A J Christy	50
MILLVILLE BOR.		
	Evan A James	50
	Neal McAnany	50
	Patrick Rodgers	50
	Edward McLaughlin	50
	Owen McCue sr	50
	Andrew Winn	50
	E J Vinton	50
	Catherine Dowling	50
	Thos McDermitt	50
	John Honan	50
	James Daly	50
	Michael Linch	50
	Wm Marshall	50
	James P Burns	50
	Sarah Minahan	50
PORTAGE TWP.		
	Jesse McGough	50
PROSPECT BOR.		
	Thos Reilly	50
	Mary Neary	50
READE TWP.		
	David Brookbank	50
	James Lange	50
	W A Chaplin	50
RICHLAND TWP.		
	John Himes	50
	John H Watkins	50
SUMMIT BOR.		
	John Byrne	50

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 30, 1886.

In the early and lamentable death of Father Ryan, the "Poet Priest of the South," the world has lost a good man and a true poet. "Those whom the gods love die young."

THERE is a [illegible] butter large enough to cover the bottom of the frying pan, and LAY the statement [illegible]as in this until they are a [illegible] light brown, salting to your taste.

A handsome and very simple table scarf is made of light olive or cream-colored felt; on this work in outline a single figure use silk of one color only. If you choose—the effect is good; on the other end put nothing but a band of plush or fringe; put this on both ends, of course.

Keep a cupful of powdered borax on your washstand. It will do wonders toward softening the skin. If you have been working about the garden or doing things around the house that tended to make your hands rough, when you wash them dip your fingers in the borax and wash your hands well with it.

A good fruit pudding is made of one coffee cupful each of grated bread, of apples chopped very fine, and of English currants; beat three eggs very light, flavor with grated nutmeg and lemon extract; sweeten to your taste. Mix thoroughly and steam for two hours and a half in a buttered pudding mould. Serve with wine sauce.

Many housekeepers complain that their cheese becomes dry, and some use a kind of bell glass to put theirs in. A very simple expedient will keep cheese in the best condition. Take a linen cloth, or cheese cloth, dip it in white wine, squeeze off excess of wine, and wrap the cheese in it. By doing this the cheese is not only kept moist but its flavor is improved.

Panada, which is well adapted for the diet of a sick child, is made by splitting three Boston crackers, then lay them in a bowl, add one tablespoonful of white sugar, a large pinch of salt, and a little little grated nutmeg. Pour over them enough boiling water to cover them, set a plate over a bowl, and then set the bowl in the oven, if not too warm, for an hour. This will sometimes be retained by a delicate stomach that rejects other food.

A pretty mat intended for the top of a small table is made of drab felt. The edges are cut in sharp points; between these points are made soft little tassels made of highly colored crewel. The border of the mat is made by working with gay embroidery silks any pattern which suits the fancy of the maker. The old-fashioned cross stitch or some modification of the feather stitch is pretty.

To make an excellent vermicelli soup, boil a leg of mutton for three hours; use water enough to cover it. Season with pepper and salt, add butter and herbs to suit your taste. An hour before serving stir into it a cupful of vermicelli. Keep the tea kettle on the stove, full of boiling water, and as the soup boils away add to it from the kettle.

Every cook knows how disagreeable it is to have the nutmeg or cinnamon that is added to the cream or sugar for pudding sauce, rise to the top, and to have the first spoonful too highly flavored and the rest without taste. To remedy this, mix the nutmeg or cinnamon with the sugar before pouring on the cream; it will then be gradually distributed throughout the whole of the sauce. Pour the cream on a little at a time, and the spice will tend to dissolve.

To make Venus pudding, take a quart mold, butter it well, and ornament it with candied ginger. Make a rich custard of the yolks of twelve and the whites of six eggs, a pint of cream and loaf sugar to taste; then dissolve one ounce of isinglass in sufficient milk to fill the mold. When it is cold add a glass of rum or sherry, pour the mixture into the mold and place on ice to set. Before adding the isinglass, put aside a little of the custard for sauce, add some ginger and syrup to this and serve cold with the pudding.

Old potatoes should never be pared before cooking. The most nutritious portion of the potato lies immediately under the skin, and this is generally all pared away. A small slice should be first cut from each end—this lets out the water—and the potatoes then put into water and allowed to heat slowly. They should boil as slowly as possible until done. Never throw away a cold potato, but slice it thinly and lay in a bowl, with a few slices of onions, a little pepper, salt and vinegar, a teaspoonful of oil, and you have a relishing salad for lunch. The best way to cook sweet potatoes is to chip off each end and roast them in the oven. They should never be boiled; they are very nice stewed. If any are left over, they make a nice breakfast dish if sliced lengthwise and fried on the griddle, each piece by itself.

Ship Saved by Oiling the Sea.

The captain of the steamer Marenhouse, arrived at New York from Paris, reports: "On February 26th a moderate gale struck the ship and gradually increased until it bore down on us with terrific force, blowing from the northwest. On March first a snowstorm accompanied the wind, and the sea ran mountains high, the wind howling through our rigging with perfect fury. The vessel became perfectly unmanageable. I ordered a man to go in each closet, the forward ports and starboard bough, and pour oil down the pipes on the water. I also had a bag of oil hung over the weather bows arranged so that the oil ran out on the water. The effect was marvelous, and after the oil had got well on the water the sea was calm as far as it ran, and the ship lay too comfortably. The oil completely stopped the sea breaking on the decks. The gale lasted until the 3d, when the oil was discontinued."

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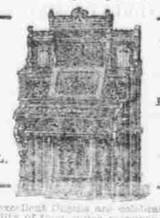

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But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost." From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and ambition, [illegible] confronts, undaunted, gigantic [illegible] and commands applause for his [illegible] cient excitements. But, all unc[illegible], an alarm come—the rudder of [illegible] existence is gone. He has been care[illegible] its preservation; mental strain, [illegible] achievements, irregular habits, [illegible] work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

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Common sense is the instinct of reason.

Success has no pedigree, and only a short creed.

Secrets are mighty poor property anyhow; if you circulate them you lose them, and if you keep them you lose the money on your investment.

All genuine humor is truth, and that is what makes it so powerful.

What a man can't win with politeness is out of the reach of everything else but a club.

Lies are like illegitimate children, liable to call a man father when he least expects it.

In this world there is a great deal of what is called virtue that is nothing more than a vice tired out.

Ridicule that ain't true is a dangerous weapon to use; the handle is sharper than the point.

There are a hundred different kinds of religion but only one kind of piety.

Living on hope is like living on wind; a good way to get full but a poor way to get fat.

Many people spend their time trying to find the hole where sin got into the world. If two men break through the ice into the mill pond, they had better hunt for some good hole to get out, rather than get in a long argument about the hole they came to fall into.

There are some folks in this world who spend their whole lives hunting after righteousness, and can't find any time to practice it.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, he probably has preached one that the Lord won't indorse.

Laziness is a good deal like money: the more a man has of it the more he seems to want.

To pick out a good husband—shut up both eyes, grab hard, and trust in the Lord.

A puppy plays with every pup he meets, but old dogs have but few associates.

If you want to get at the circumference of a man, examine him among folks; but if you want to get at his actual diameter, examine him at his fireside.

Men of genius are like eagles—they live on what they kill; while men of talent are like crows—they live on what has been killed for them.

There are two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared—that is, twins.

Love is like the measles; we can't have it bad but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

The jealous man is always hunting for something he don't expect to find, and when he has found it he is mad because he has.

When a man begins to go down hill the whole world seems greased for the occasion.

Veiled Ladies of the East.

In the curious and interesting article of S. G. Benjamin, in the *Century*, we read of the pleasures and hardships of "Mountaineering in Persia." This is the way the ladies of the party consult the physician:

A while after this episode a troop of veiled women, stately in the long mantles which covered them from head to foot, visited the camp. They had learned that a physician was one of our party, and had decided to consult him. Improvising a medical office at once under a tree, the doctor proceeded to feel pulses and examine tongues. Their faces he could not see.

It was a novel sight to see those ignorant peasant women, in parti-colored garb, seated before him in a circle on the grass giving him an account of their ailments.

The traveler in the East is often asked to prescribe for the sick, be he actually a physician or no. I have been repeatedly requested to serve in this capacity, and sincerely hope that the list of mortality in non-Christian countries has not been thereby increased.

Luckily neither coroner nor municipal records exist in the happy Orient. The physician, however, labors under a peculiar disadvantage in Persian practice, even if his qualifications are not too strictly examined; for he is not allowed to see the face of his female patient and is thus deprived of one of the most important points in forming a diagnosis.

The native doctors require no other diploma to enter on the profession of medicine than a supply of infinite assurance sometimes called cheek. They are generally itinerants who go from village to village and announce their profession on arriving.

Extraordinary remedies are given. Having prescribed, the physician decamps before results become perceptible, aware that a common sequence is death. Fortunately for them, this result is generally quietly accepted as the fiat of Kismet, or Destiny.

Origin of the Steel Pen.

This now indispensable article was slowly perfected, and like most inventions thus perfected its merits were not at once acknowledged. When, in 1810, it first made its appearance in England, it was a piece of sheet steel bent in a tubular form, and cut or filed away to imitate the shape of a quill pen, the junction of the two edges forming a nib, which, of course extended all up the back of the pen. It was given away as a present, perhaps gilt or silvered, and sold for as much as five shillings.

In 1824, Mr. James Perry, the founder of a system of education once famous as the "Perryan" system, took up the steel pen as a practical invention, and by indomitable energy overcome the difficulties in its construction and the objections to its use. He patented several varieties, and spared no expense to attain perfection. His brother informed Mr. Samuel Timmons, of Birmingham, England, that he paid 7 shillings per pound for his steel, and 5 shillings per pen to the first workman he employed, and for years afterward the price given to his workmen was 36 shillings per gross.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

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If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

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Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

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Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

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With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily
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Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near loosing my *Life!*
My trouble always comes after eating any food—

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And digestible,

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Excruciating pains,
"And the only way I ever got"
"Relief!"
Was by throwing up all my stomach contained. No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until
"At last?"
I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and
Could eat nothing!
My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain; their
Efforts were to good to me.
At last I heard a good deal
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And determined to try them."
Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of
One!
Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a
"Sick!"
Hour, from the same cause since.
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such
"Advocate as I am."—Geo. Kendall Allston, Boston, Mass.

Columbus *Advocate*, Texas, April 21, '83. Dear Editor:—I have tried your Hop Bitters, and find they are good for any complaint. The best medicine I ever used in my family. H. TALENER.

Be sure none genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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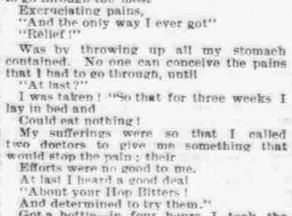

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"Rough on Bats."

clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, nervousness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."

Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh."

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases. Also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

"Water Bugs, Roaches."

"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

Downright Cruelty.

To permit yourself and family to "suffer!"
With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily
With Hop Bitters!!!

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near loosing my *Life!*
My trouble always comes after eating any food—

However light
And digestible,

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most
Excruciating pains,
"And the only way I ever got"
"Relief!"
Was by throwing up all my stomach contained. No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until
"At last?"
I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and
Could eat nothing!
My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain; their
Efforts were to good to me.
At last I heard a good deal
"About your Hop Bitters!
And determined to try them."
Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of
One!
Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a
"Sick!"
Hour, from the same cause since.
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such
"Advocate as I am."—Geo. Kendall Allston, Boston, Mass.

Columbus *Advocate*, Texas, April 21, '83. Dear Editor:—I have tried your Hop Bitters, and find they are good for any complaint. The best medicine I ever used in my family. H. TALENER.

Be sure none genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

30 YEARS RECORD.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES IRRITATION LOSING PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE. PRICE $1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

"Disease soon sinken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

C. S. CRITTENTON, N. Y., General Agent.

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

Physicians' Testimony.

A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a *safe and reliable remedy.*"

Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 78 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chase.

General Chase of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

QUINEPTUS!

A very pleasing, harmless, effervescent aromatic compound for dissolving the here to water and other bitter drugs, either solid or fluid. Price 75 Cents per Pint Bottle. Prescribed by thousands of physicians in Europe and America. Formula accompanies every bottle. For Sale by Druggists.

Manufactured by the

The Academic Pharmaceutic Co., LONDON AND NEW YORK.

532—536 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK CITY.

ROYAL VIGOR ELIXIR.

An elegant English pharmaceutic preparation for bilious, malarial and blood troubles; the result of over twenty-five years of some eminent scientific research.

Approved by the highest medical authorities. In use in the hospitals in every part of Europe. Especially helpful to ladies, children, and people of sedentary habits.

Entirely vegetable; free from harmful drugs.

In Handsome Packages, Price 50 Cts.

Prepared solely by The Royal Pharmaceutic Co. LONDON AND NEW YORK, Chemists by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen and to the Royal Family.

NEW YORK BRANCH: 130, 132, 134 Charlton St.

ROYAL PILLS.

Same medicinal properties as ROYAL ELIXIR, in boxes, 80 pills to box, for 25 cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMEMBER THE BIG FOUR!

Vinegar Bitters CORDIAL, delicious taste, 50c.
Vinegar Bitters POWDERS, 50 doses, 50c.
Vinegar Bitters, new style, pleasant taste, $1.00
Vinegar Bitters, old style, bitter taste, $1.00

The World's Great Blood Purifier and Life Giving Principle.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

The past fifth of a Century the Leading Family Medicine of the World.

VINEGAR BITTERS

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvelous success. Insane Patients Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fits patients. They having express charges on box when received. Send to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists' REPORT OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

ENGINES, VIBRATORS, THRESHING MACHINES, CRAIN DRILLS, cider mills

Warranted the best. Grain drills; the celebrated Pennsylvania, the only perfect force feed phosphate attachment in use. Cider Mills; the celebrated American and young American. CORN SHELLERS, HAY PRESSES and STANDARD IMPLEMENTS generally. Send for catalogue A. HARQUHAR, Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York Pa.

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons,